

*Pal.* Tis in our power,  
 (Vnlesse we feare that Apes can Tator's) to  
 Be Masters of our manners: what neede I  
 Affect anothers gate, which is not catching  
 Where there is faith, or to be fond upon  
 Anothers way of speech, when by mine owne  
 I may be reasonably conceiv'd; sav'd too,  
 Speaking it truly; why am I bound  
 By any generous bond to follow him  
 Followes his Taylor, haply so long untill  
 The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,  
 Why mine owne Barber is unblest, with him  
 My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iust  
 To such a Favorites glasse: What Cannon is there  
 That does command my Rapier from my hip  
 To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe  
 Before the streete be foule? Either I am  
 The fore-horse in the Teame, or I am none  
 That draw i'th sequent trace: these poore sleight sores,  
 Neede not a plantin; That which rips my bosome  
 Almost to'th heart's,

*Arcite.* Out Vncle Creon.

*Pal.* He,  
 A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes  
 Makes heaven unfeard, and villany assured  
 Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts  
 Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone  
 Voluble chance, who onely attributes  
 The faculties of other Instruments  
 To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men service,  
 And what they winne in't, boor and glory on;  
 That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let  
 The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt  
 From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall  
 Off me with that corruption.

*Arc.* Cleere spirited Cozen  
 Lers leave his Court, that we may nothing share,  
 Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

Will

Will relish of the pasture, and we must  
 Be vile, or disobedient, not his kinsmen  
 In blood, unlesse in quality.

*Pal.* Nothing truer:

I thinke the Ecchoes of his shames have dea'ft  
 The eares of heav'nly Iustice: widdows cryes  
 Descend againe into their throates, and have not: *Enter Val.*  
 Due audience of the Gods: *Valerius.* *(lerius.)*

*Val.* The King calls for you, yet be leaden footed  
 Till his great rage be off him. *Phobus* when  
 He broke his whipflocke and exclaimd against  
 The Horses of the Sun, but whisperd too  
 The lowdenesse of his Fury.

*Pal.* Small windes shake him,

But whats the matter?

*Val.* *Thebes* (who where he threatens appals,) hath sent  
 Deadly defyanee to him, and pronounces  
 Ruine to *Thebes*, who is at hand to seale  
 The promise of his wrath.

*Arc.* Let him approach;

But that we feare the Gods in him, he brings not  
 A jot of terrour to us; Yet what man  
 Thinke his owne worth (the case is each of ours)  
 When that his actions dredg, with minde assur'd  
 Tis bad he goes about.

*Pal.* Leave that unreasond.

Our services stand now for *Thebes*, not *Creon*,  
 Yet to be neutrall to him, were dishonour;  
 Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must  
 With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,  
 Who hath bounded our last minute.

*Arc.* So we must;

It sed this warres asfoote for it shall be  
 On faile of some condition.

*Val.* Tis in motion

The intelligence of state came in the instant  
 With the desier.

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*Pal.*